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THE
Believer's Domry:
OR, A
POEM
UPON

Malachi 5. 5. Thy Maker is thy Husband.

irected unto, and for the Comfort of all that know any Thing of an UNION betwixt CHRIST and their Souls, containing many Hints at the Excellency and Fulfness of CHRIST the Believer's Husband, and at the glorious Privileges of all that are really Espoused and United unto CHRIST.

Cor. 11. 12. I have espoused thee to one Husband.

The Author is one who seeks the Prayers of the Godly READER.

EDINBURGH:

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Andrews' New Book
1720

INTRODUCTION.

*M^r Soul make hast, thou art not min
thy Honour dwells above ;
Tield to the LORD thy last Propine,
and praise eternal Love.*

*LORD, if I sit not at the Feast,
since yet I am not able,
Relieve me with the crumbs at least,
that's falling from thy Table.*

*Oh! could I once from sinning cease,
and wait on Pizgah-hill,
Until I saw Thy blessed Face,
then might my Soul be still.*

*But since I know it cannot be,
but Sin must in me dwell ;
LORD let my Spirit long for thee,
for Absence is a Hell.*



THE
P R E F A C E,

Containing some Hints at the Way of
the Believer's being Divorc'd from
his first Husband, and Married to
CHRIST.

Innocent Adam by his Works did live,
His perfect Righteousness did safety give,
GOD's Covenant with Man at first reveal'd :
Perfection sought. Man could Perfection yield :
But now Man can't be sav'd, since his Defection,
By legal Works, else where must seek Perfection
Christ our last Adam. Man with pity saw,
GOD's Wrath appear'd. fulfil'd the braken Law,
Brings in a lasting, Perfect Righteousness,
Man's Life did by his Miseries redress :
So all that lippen to his perfect Merit,
Are free'd from Death, and lasting Life inherit ;
This Christ, who his Faith's ender and beginner,
Reveals himself a Husband to the Sinner.
Tho' here's a Rock where hop may safely Anchor,
Proud Man doth after his first Lover banker,
The Primar Husband of all Adam's Race,
Is still the Law while unacquaint with Grace,
We think the fall has not spilt all our Beauty,
We'll Merit something, if we do our duty :
This with our Works and Wishes make a tryst.
To save our selves, or part the Work with Christ :
Nature shuns Hell, takes Heav'n by legal strife,
But ab ! This Way fall'n Man can ne'er get Life,

E, &c.

And none can be espous'd to Christ, till forc'd
To quite this Husband, and to be devor'd ;
Which is, when deep Convictions down to shower,
And when the Law comes with condemning power,
GOD in his Time and Way this Wound most heal,
But Man most see the Law can ne'er avail.
He had (perhaps) been working to his strength,
But seeing't vain, he turned himself at length,
Hearing of Christ, his course is (may be) this,
He'll do his best, trust Christ for what's amiss,
When Sin o'recomes he'll to's Repentance fall,
Not willing he should come to Christ for all.
But now he sees his Tears and all is wrought,
For Heaven he can't command a valid Thought,
No dutys now his Expectations Cherish ;
With backwardness he sees by Law he'll perish,
Then God doth heal th' averse and backward carriage,
Lightning the Eyes to affect a better Marriage ;
The Covenant of Grace is the Contract,
He sees in Christ supply for all he lackt.
Thy Soul fight here by Faith's the Marriage Union,
Faith works by Love, Love seeks a near Communion :
And therefore Love draws out the Spirit wholly
To be Content with Christ and pleased fully.
To him it doth resign, to him accord,
As its best Husband, and its only LORD.
Then Christ doth make the Soul his Habitation,
It rests in him and hence sweet Consolation,
Full peace, like that, that's in the higher Story.
Even joy unspeakable and full of Glory.

THE

Believer's Dowry.

1 CHRIST is the Husband, Saints the Bride,
her will he sweetly bows,
To gree, and faith, I'll still abide,
thy Husband, thou my Spouse.

2 By Nature like fall'n *Adams* Race,
she's black to look upon her,
By Grace his Beauty makes her fair,
thy Husband is thy honour.

3 Altho' thou art deform'd and Vile,
defil'd in every Duty,
His Merits makes thy Prayers pure
thy Husband is thy Beauty.

4 Thy many Sins, thy horrid Guilt,
makes Justice much require ;
Yet fear thou not, tho' drown'd in Debt,
thy Husband is thy Payer.

5 O read his Love while Justice doth,
Men for their Sins Arrest.
Yet low he dies and thee he frees,
thy Husband is thy Priest.

6 See love from hence, while Ignorance
sends some alive to *Tophet* ;
Thou'rt taught by Grace, to seek his Face
thy Husband is thy Prophet.

7 To his Will he doth thine subjects,
and sweetly Captive bring.
Thy Sin subdues his Throne Erect
thy Husband is thy King.

8 He'll Conquer all thine Enemies
untill thou fight no longer,
Satan

Satan the strong Man is, but yet
thy Husband is the stronger.

9 Tho' secret Sin make groans within,
and oft thou'rt like to yield,
Tho' Foes molest, yet do their best,
thy Husband gains the Field.

10 Wants thou a light in darkest Night,
are thy steps like to slide,
Lean to his skill, renounce thy will
thy Husband is thy guide.

11 In doubts Resign thy self to him,
he never council'd wrong,
Fear not, thy Saviour's Wife in Heart,
thy Husband's Arm is strong.

12 Art thou diseased at the Heart,
or in a weak Condition.

Look not to Creatures here's thy help,
thy Husband's thy Physician.

13 Perhaps thou most have bitter Droggs,
but don't repine as wilful,
He sees thy sore, and knows thy cure,
thy Husband's very skilful.

14 His wounding still doth tend to heal,
there's Mercy in a frown;
He quickens when he seems to kill,
thy Husband's Love's unknown.

15 No cure e're marred in his Hand,
all Saints can bear him Witness,
Tho's Hand be sore, his Heart is kind,
thy Husband's sour hath sweetnes.

16 He hath designs in Love in all,
his Bowels to thee move,
And thou at last shall see and say
thy Husband's full of Love.

17 To wound or heal, to frown or smile,
it's Love him still engages,
He cureth best but seeketh least,
thy Husband takes no Wages.

18 Thom

8 Thou hast no worth that thou thereby
mayst any good inherit,
but lo ! he pleads his Righteousness,
thy Husbands full of Merit.

9 No Cause e'er in his Hand misgave,
so strong his Pleading is,
or so the Father Wills ; because
thy Husbands Will is his.

10 Tho' Conscience, Justice and the Law,
against thee do combine,
Christ is the LORD the Righteousness,
thy Husbands Cause is thine.

11 Art thou oft-times confus'd in Dark,
scarce hast the Stars by Night,
ho' thou be darknes in thy self,
thy Husband is thy Light.

12 Still lippen thou for Good from GOD,
altho' thine Eyes should fail,
y, and at length, if not thy self,
thy Husband shall prevail.

13 Art thou so weak oft-times to fear,
that *Saul* shall find thee at length,
ho' thou be Weakness in thy self,
thy Husband is thy Strength.

14 Lean to his Power, renounce thy own,
then Dangers thou mayst mock,
fierce Winds may blow, Proud Waves may beat,
thy Husband is thy Rock.

15 Thou can do all through Christ who helps,
thus thou'rt Omnipotent,
16 do all, give all unto thee,
thy Husband he's contented ;

17 Then art thou oft enlightened,
and stablisht as a Mountain.
Rejoice not in the Streams, but in
thy Husband he's the Fountain.

18 Art thou oft Dead, and Wishes then,
that Gales from Heav'n were rife,

When

thy Husband is thy Life.

28 But can't thou look may not Desire,
O that's a dismal Hour ;
Yet as thou can cry waiting for
thy Husband's day of Power.

29 Tell him sin m k's his Abience just,
but yet Love can't delay,
Thy Want his Promise all affirm,
thy Husband must not stay.

30 Because he lives, even so shall thou,
thou madst him thy Refuge,
And when he comes thou's joy because,
thy Husband shall be judge.

31 Why should short Troubles the annoy,
either inward or External.
Life then for ay thou shall enjoy,
thy Husband is Eternal.

32 He was to make thee of his Love
the everlasting Obj't,
Nail'd on a Crois ; and to the Law
thy Husband was made Subj't.

33 Thy sins he nailed to his Cross,
his Wound this Virtue hath,
For that thy Heart might die to sin,
thy Husband suffered Death.

34 By Anchor's Vale, to Glory's Land,
through Faith he'll give Protection,
Thou'rt rais'd from Death thou sharest of
thy Husband's Resurrection.

35 Thus out of nought, to Life thou'rt brought
but in a wondrous Fashion,
His Sorrows sounds thy Joy, thy Peace,
thy Husband brought with Passion.

36 Full Breasts of Comfort now he gives,
like to a kindly Nurie :
But e'er such lasting Bliss was gain'd
thy Husband was a Curie.

37 Twixt thee and Divine Wrath he kept,
as at th^e Ruin sorry,

This Day, Manall thy honour gain'd,
thy Husband is thy Glory.

38 Complete Redemption is obtained
by his Humiliation,

Thy Freedom lost, he dearly cost,
thy Husband's thy Salvation.

39 What under or above the Heavens,
(dear Soul) wont he impart,

That's for thy Good he gave his Blood,
thy Husband gave his Heart.

40 And now Earths Fruit and Heaven's Dew
he'll give who first did chose thee,

Complaints let fall, Heaven, Earth and all,
thy Husband wont Refuse thee.

41 Yea now thou puts Christ Jesus on,
oh wonderful Preferment,

Heavens do Admire thy Rich Attire,
thy Husband is thy Garment.

42 Thou art all glorious within
imbroidered with Gold :

This Garments Worth, the Glory of
thy Husband can't be told.

43 From Summars Sun, from Winters Cold,
thy Rob doth hid thee over ;

From heat of Day, from cool of Night
thy Husband doth the cover.

44 Thy Garment never waxing old,
shall enter Heaven more white,

To wear't ay in Presence of
thy Husband with Delight.

45 Christ is the Pearl inricheth thee
even to the highest Pitch :

The Gold of Ophir cannot make,
thy Husband makes thee Rich.

46 Some flying Gains do seek by pains!
and others by Extortion

Such

Such Treasure fades, but thine abides,
thy Husband is thy Portion.

47 Thou'rt not put off with common things,
or Dung of Earthly Pelf,

He gives thee more than Heaven or Earth,
thy Husband gives himself.

48 Thy daily Food may make thee have
thy Countenance of *Hanna*,

Thou Lives upon the Bread of Life,
thy Husband is the Manna.

49 What canst thou seek ? What can he give ?
he gives his Flesh and Blood,

Let Angels wonder, Saints admire !
thy Husband is thy Food.

50 That thou through Strength of this, to go
through *Jordan* mayst be able ;

And Trials great, till thou be at
thy Husband's upper Table.

51 Where Drops which now you have are turn'd
to Oceans always new ;

To drink thy fill, and Face to Face,
thy Husband ever view.

52 Yet ah ! thou says, this tidings sweet,
but what is that to me ;

Thou doubts if e're he lov'd thee, when
thy Husband bides from thee.

53 Thy Mountain's weak, this makes thee shake,
and trembling fear he smite thee ;

Yet fear no wrong, thy Party's strong,
thy Husband will not quite thee.

54 Thou'rt often dark, and seldom light ;
thou'rt full of *Inns* and *Outs* :

When thou'rt unclear, yet do not fear,
thy Husband loves no Doubts.

55 Oft says thou, Oh to see him mine !
Oh if this Light were sent me ;

Tho' wants abound, and woes surround,
my Husband would content me.

56 Thus

6 Thus to thy smart thy doubting Heart
of pleas is still advancer.
7 So stopt his Task, here what I ask ;
thy Husband bids thee answer.
8 Art thou content when he's away,
can Earth allay thy pants ;
Conscience speak, will it not say
thy Husband's all thou wants ?
9 When he is present with the Aid,
and thee with Comforts feeds,
Dost thou not count the Earth as dung,
thy Husband's all thou needs.
10 In dutys art thou pleas'd or pain'd
when he no Comfort speaks,
He bides away, but can't thou say
thy Husband's all thou seeks ?
11 Art thou not made to see that all
thy Righteousnes is none.
12 hating thine, seek'st his because
thy Husband is thine own.
13 Mind'it thou the Day, that thou canst say,
thou gift thy self with sweetnes,
Unto *Febrevab* as thy All,
thy Husband was thy Witness ?
14 Found'st thou a rest thou can't exprest
when once thou mad'it this choice,
thy Heart was pleas'd thy Conscience eas'd
thy Husband gave his Voice ?
15 For God in him did see no Sin,
nor spot in thee at all ;
His Blood redeemed, his Spirit drew,
thy Husband worketh all.
16 Lean'st thou on him for Grace and Glory,
yea help to make thee lean :
for Faith's his Work, its not thy Pow'r,
thy Husband knows thou'rt mein ?
17 Seek thou his Spirit for thy Guide,
through *Raco's* weary Valley ;

Still

Still digging Well's, and living on
thy Husband's treasure daily.

66 Sin works in thee but dost thou see,
thy very Soul regrates it ?

This mak's thee groan and weep alone,
thy Husband knows thou hates it.

67 Doth Love to him inhabitter Sin ;
makes the abhore its charms,
And loath it most while as thou hast
thy Husband in thy Arms ?

68 Doth not a Pardon melt thy Heart,
and makes thy Sin more bitter ;
And Joy thee fills, when Sin he kills,
thy Husbands ay the Swetter ?

69 Hast thou a hatred to his Foes,
let Conscience answer plain ;
Lov'st thou his Saints, and dare thou say,
thy Husbands Friends are thine.

70 Lov'st thou their walk, lov'st thou their talk
not Ashdod like but pleasant ;
Dost favour best while they have most,
thy Husband with them present.

71 Whom in the Heaven or in the Earth
dost thou poor Soul desire ;
Is not thy spark of Love unto
thy Husband set on Fire ?

72 Where goest thou first when in a Strait,
when Foes makes sad Irruptions ,
Flee'st thou to him ? O happy gate,
thy Husband kills Corruptions.

73 Lov'st thou his great appearing Day
long'st for that higher Story ;
Where pleasure run, and of the place
thy Husband is thy Glory ;

74 Lov'st thou the dwelling of his house,
where doth his Honour dwell ?
His Tabernacles if thou do'st
thy Husband loves thee well.

75 Seek

75 Seek'st thou his council in the dark,
and canst do nought without him ?
Both strength to save and wit to guide,
thy Husband has about him.

6 Now can'st thou answer all I ask'st ?
then Soul fall to and praise
sin that thee councell'd, first for he
thy Husband is always.

7 But may be yet, thou darst not say
thou hast the firm Impression.
of all these happy marks yet stay,
thy Husband hath compassion.

8 Altho' thy darknes marrs thy light,
thy Storms above thy Calms.
ay yield to Night ; and thou be poor,
thy Husband yet hath Alms.

Seest thou thou'rt empty Christ is full,
feels thou his drawing strength,
freshing the some times ? O wait
thy Husband comes at length.

Do Visits from him make thee see,
he's precious thou art vile.
that thou thinks GOD's hand with thee
thy Husband seems to smile.

Doest thou Regrate thou comes so short,
and still to this aspires ?

He's hope in *Israel* fort thee
thy Husband thou desires.

Why doubts thou of his Love, and yet
you would'st not with him part,
Thousand Thousand Earths of Gold,
thy Husband hath thy Heart.

Who' Darkness, Deadneis Unbelief,
o all thy Soul sorround ;
e Light, more Life more, Faith are in
y Husband to be found.

Thy wants he sees thy crys he hears
Seek' help he's always ready

He can do all. Yea mind thou what
thy Husband's done already.

85 Mind where he sweetly Visit you,
whiles in the Land of *Hermon*,
Whiles in a corner, whiles thou saw,
thy Husband at a Sermon.

86 At *Jordan's* Land he got thy Hand,
mind from the Hill of *Mizar*,
He Seal'd, and thou could Seal'd, he was,
thy Husband with great Pleasure.

87 More Life in Sin was bitter then
thou could not thought Death ill,
Keep these in mind, thou'l ever find,
thy Husband GOD of *Bethel*.

88 Tho' Sin and Satan, Earth and Hell
would of thy Joy bereave thee.
He can't renounce what he said once,
thy Husband will not leave thee.

89 Tho' Foes assail, and Friends do fail,
thou hast a good Relation ;
The Gates of Hell cannot prevail,
thy Husband's thy Foundation.

90 Why doth a loss, or little cross,
fret thee, or make the wrathful,
By unbelief departs thou from,
thy Husband that's so Faithful.

91 Take well howe'er his Wisdom doth
thy present Lot dispose :
Rejoice in this, tho' Heaven should break
thy Husband cannot lose :

92 Fire can't the burn, nor Waters drown,
thou hath his Vow and Oath,
And dares thou think he'll break his Word,
thy Husband will be loath.

93 Tho' thou depart, and Sins be great,
his Word he'll never Rew.

Tho' Earth do quake, and Heaven do shake
thy Husband will be true.

94 He never, never, will the leave,
if Truth hath said the Word :
While truth is truth, this Word is true,
thy Husband is the LORD.

95 Thy Words thou's broke a thousand times,
so fear'ft he lovest not thee ;
But thousand, thousand Sins can't make
thy Husband once to lie.

96 If thou depart, thou mayst smart,
to let thee see thy Folly ;
By Falls he makes thee seek him more,
thy Husband's wise and holy.

97 Yet think not that he's chang'd in Love,
when thou art chang'd in frame,
Altho' thou change a thousand times,
thy Husband's ay the same.

98 To thee thy Oath himself betroth
he did her comfort gather ;
He thee adopt, he made thee Heir,
thy Husband is thy Father.

99 Thou needs not fear tho' Death appear,
and *Jordan* thick and broad,
Thy Lord will lead, thy shield will keep,
thy Husband's ay thy GOD.

100 He'll lead thee safe, and bring thee home,
and ay give press down Measure :
Even Grace while here, and Glory there,
thy Husband is thy treasure.

101 What can thou, dare thou say thou lackest,
thou hast both Food and clothing.
Be at his will, thou's have thy Fill,
thy Husband wants for nothing.

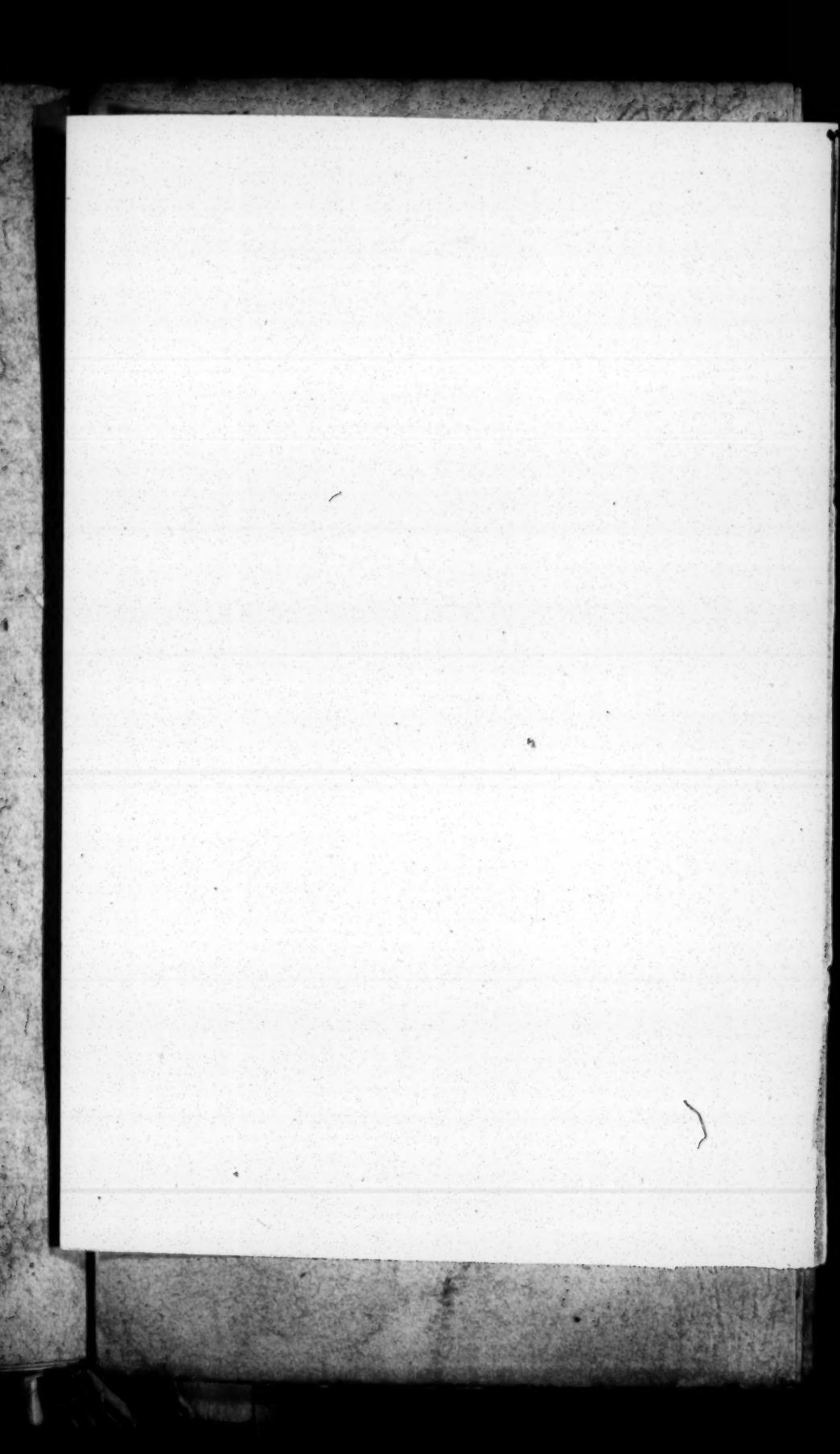
102 Of Light and Life, of Grace and Glory,
thou art in him partaker,
Rejoice in him for evermore,
thy Husband is thy Maker.

103 He made thee, nay, he made thee his,
not values thy Miscarriage,

He'll abide to what he made,
thy Husband made the Marriage.
104 He made all, yea he made all thine,
all to the shall be given :
Who can thy Kingdom from the hold,
thy Husband in de the Heavens.
105 No noxious Thing on Earth can hurt,
he made the Earth to be ;
The Waters cannot the destroy
thy Husband made the Sea.
106 Fear not the lop bes of the Dam'd,
thou never there shall dwell ;
No Spirit from the Pit can hurt
thy Husband form'd Hell.
107 What can the harm, what doest thou fear,
all things are at his Call :
What doest thou seek, what doest thou want,
thy Husband's all in all.
108 This Love to the came from on hy,
the Father did contrive it.
The Holy Spirit seal'd the same,
thy Husband bought and gave it.
109 All parties gree the Knot to tye,
what can make this a loose Band ?
It's suse for ay, if once he say,
thy Maker is thy Husband.

C O N C L U S I O N.

IF Christ be thine, I may decline,
that Pen that Heart is bold.
Half of his worth that would Iew forth,
thy Treasure can't be told.
Ten Thousand Tribes of witty Scribs,
to tell't would fall in Ditches ;
No Pen can write, no Heart can dite
the thousand of thy Riches.
My Soul aspire to the Heavenly Quies
where Halelujahs Reign,
Foray to raise immortal Praise
to this immortal KING.



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CONCLUSION.

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F I N I S.

